Country Carter's GARLAND,

SHEWING

The debauch'd Intreagues of the Town, and the harmless Pleasures of a Country Life.

Printed for C. T. at the Corner of Bride-lane.

THE

Country Cartar's Garland;

A Noble young Peer from London we hear,
Rip out for to take the freſh Air;
A Carter alſo was driving Gee ho,
To whom the young Lord did repair.
With a fal, lal, &c.

And ſaid Honeſt Hodge, how far will you trudge,
Thy team is well loaden I ſee,
What haſt thou got there, come freely declare,
And ſo far your Servant I'll be.
With a fal, &c.

Then Ralph he reply'd, Ize never abide,
To light on ſuch Fellows as thou,
That With your Vile talk Rob People that Walk,
And neither Will trade Carter Plow.
With a fal, &c.

Alas, ſimpld Dick, I'll ſhow you no tuick,
Behold I have Money good ſtore,
Gold Watch, Diamod, Rings, and other fine things,
I never was thought thief before.
Wtih a fal, &c.

Adzooks I vow, that Geer before now,
My Handlords did certainly Wear,
And tho you look big, With ſword and long Wig,
You ſtole them Ize venture to ſwear,
With a fal, &c.

Then

Then Sir a frown said lubberly Clow,
I'm come from the Court this same day.
I've Houses and Land, and Money in Hand,
So sarrah take Care what you say.
With a fal, &c.

Then Kalph he reply'd, Ize scorn your Pride,
Tho you take me for an Oaf,
If angery lets fight, if hungry comi bite,
Here's Cheese and a pice of brown Loaf,
With a fal, &c.

You clodpated fool, my passion is cool,
Your Food like your language is coarse,
When I come to Court, twill make them fine sport,
To hear me relate Discourse,
wish a fal, &c.

Good lack Gaffer Sprnice, ize beg no Excuse,
But look what plain Ralph will say,
Some Bastard you got, the town was too hot.
And now thou art running away,
with a fal, &c.

I doubt gaod man Hobb, thou'k oft done the Job
With Doll in the Meadows so green
But Ladys at Court are so far from that sport,
They'll scarce let their Faces be seen,
with a fal, &c.

Nay now you say, 'tis not long ago,
Since I went to that great place to view,
Where every vine Lass did wear a black face,
While Coats and their Smocks open flew,
with a fal, &c.

well

Well ſince thou'ſt been there, come freely declare
Cou'd you fancy our Ladys ſo gay,
And quit Nell and Moll, brown Suſan and doll
With whom thou doſt fro,ick and play,
with a fal, &c.

Adsfoot by no means, I hate your proud Queens
Tho' ſet off with Patches and Paint,
With hoops large and wide, at fathome they'll ſtride,
Meer Devils, tho' outwardly Saints,
with a fal, &c.

Poor Kalph I ſuppoſe, was caught be the Noſe,
By ſome raking Jilt of the town.
Who led you a ſtray, but wherefore I pray,
Will you tun all the fine Ladys down,
with a fal, &c.

Theſe Ladies you talk met me in my walk,
And meeting wou'd cry Couſin Hodge,
Will you have a Wife, this night or for life,
One wink'd and I went to her Lodge,
with a fal, &c.

And ſo I preſume you came to her Room,
Had Supper, good Wine and to Bed,
Then in her ſweet Arms you revell'd in Charms,
You'll think on until you are dead,
with a fal, &c.

Ize Son of a Bitch if an't a Witch,
That Frolick coſt me twenty pound,
She gave me the thing the French here did bring,
Ize call it the plague of the town.
With a fal, &c.

And when you came home you gave it to Joan,
Joan gave it to Sawney and Ned,
And all that came nigh her, ſo that the wild fire
Does now round the Country ſpread,
with a fal, &c.
Ize ſure you are wrong, we'll ſport the day long
In Medows green Woods, or a Grove.
Like Siſter and Brother we reckon each other,
So chaſt and ſo pure is our Love.
with a fal, &c.
Then why does each Clown on coming to town,
Endeavour to get him a Miſs,
And ſpend his whole Store perhaps on a Whore,
Pray tell me the Reaſon of this.
with a fal, &c.
Why when we come there we drink wine or beer,
Mayhap till our Senſes are gone
Then Miſs lays her ſnare, expoſes her ware,
By which ſhe does poor Ralph trepan,
with a fal, &c.
Then Friend you muſt own by coming to town,
You learn'd Experience and Wit,
For if a Town Miſs you happen to kiſs,
Be cunning or elſe you are bit,
With a fal, &c.
Good fellow give ear, and now I'll declare,
How Ralph got revenge for his Gold,
For ſince in the Street, this Jilt I did meet,
Who kiſt me moſt brazen and bold,
With a fal, &c.

Ize tell my bright Lass ize give her a Glass,
Of Brandy right Nuts or good Wine,
My dear she reply'd I be your sweet Bride,
And nothing from you I'll decline,
With a fal, &c.

Then straight we did go to a place I did know,
And gave her rich Wines in good store,
Until she got drunk and then my fine punk,
Fel sleeping upon the bare Floor
With a fal, &c

And then I made bold to rifle her Gold
Her silk bailted Coat Watch and Rings
Gold Chain nine times double, thought it no trouble
To slip of with all those odd things
With a fal. &c

Well Ralph I perceive thou art witty and brave,
I'd have the to London repair,
A Pension I'll give thee while I do live
Shall keep thee from Labour and Care
With a fal,

Adznookers I vow Ize not leave the Plow
For riches or any such thing
Besides to live there would kill me ize swear
They make such a hurry and ding
With a fal, &c.

Don't Lords of renown still flock to the town
With Ladys of Honour and fame
Where riches are found and pleasures abound,
So great as no Tongue can e'er name
With a fal

Then ralph he reply'd we nouriſh your pride
Your Backs and your Bellies we feed
If once we give o're to furniſh your Store
I will make your proud Hearts for to bleed,
With a fal, &c.
I cannot diſown becauſe 'tis well known
That Farmers are props of the Crown,
But here is the ſtrife a Country Life,
Can never compare with the town,
With a fal
But Maſter you err and that I'll aver
By Arguments ſolid and great
For many a Prince we read of long ſince
Left his Crown for a Country ſeat
With a fal &c.
For when we're alone no King on his Throne,
Than boaſt of more Homage than we;
The trees all about tho' luſty and ſtout
Will bow low and humble to me,
With a fal, &c.
And Birds with Vine Airs doth raviſh mine ears,
With ſonnets moſt charming and ſweet,
While I in great ſtate do ſit down to meat
The ſhrubs will bend under my Feet,
With a fal &c.
In every Grove I've Chambers of love
Adorned with gay ſummers pride
A fontain runs near whoſe Murmers I hear,
With pleaſure as by me they ſlide
With a fal &c.

And pretty young Lambs do ſport with their
A thouſand fine anticks a day
I tell you the ſpot you boaſt of at Court
Han't half the ſweet Paſtime as they.
With a ſal &c.
In lovely ſhades the Lads with the Maids
Do friſk it we skip it and dance
And then in ſweet Bowers we toy many hours
We dread no French harms from France,
with a fal &c.
But when in the town you lay a Laſs down,
Your pocket ſhe'll preſently pick
And if you come nigh her, you'll have a winter fit
Theſe trulls are far worſe than old Nick,
With a fal, &c.
The noble ſmil'd and ſaid i've been wild,
Too oft was i caught in their ſnares
i'll now get a Wife live a Country Life
For that is the ſweet from Cares
with a fal &c
And now Ralph ſaid he i'll ſoon make of thee
The ſteward of all my Eſtate
And ſtraitway throw down full fifty good pound
To fig him with all things compleat
with a fal &c.

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